

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally.

FILIPINO ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Two talents the native here possess. They have a quick ear for music and the imitative faculty in this direction remarkably developed.

CUNNING WEAVERS.

The other Tagalo talent is the highly developed ability to weave by hand textile fabrics, whatever may be put together by twining and crossing threads, fiber, bark and canes, such as baskets, mats, fences and huts.

TAGALO INTRENCHMENTS.

The Tagalo soldier drives a double row of stakes in the ground. The rows are a foot or more apart. The native then weaves in and out among them strips of bamboo till he makes a double fence, hard to get through as the bottom of a cane seat chair.

GOD IN WAR.

Chaplain Gilbert in a sermon at Portland as reported by the Oregonian: "Our forefathers dared to declare to all the world that all people were created equal and in equal rights."

in equal rights." We extended for that principle, and by war won our liberty from British domination.

In all ages, under all conditions, Deity has been appealed to for recognition when armed arbitrament of national disputes became necessary.

SAURDAY, AUG 28

HARD TO BEAT.—Cottage Grove Leader: Mr Stroud threshed, from 24 acres of ground, 650 bushels of wheat, Tuesday, an average of 27 bushels to the acre.

SUIT FOR DIVORCE.—Rose Lincoln has instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, A. D. Lincoln in the Lane county circuit court.

ADVERTISING PAYS.—Attorney Stevens has been advertising money to loan, in the local columns of the Green. He orders the notice out, it having brought him too many inquiries.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—County Clerk Lee today issued glory tickets to C. M. Hileman and Luella Workman; also to William L. Butler and Della Hillman.

BOOTH-KELLY Co.—The following members of the firm were registered in Eugene today: R. A. Booth of Grants Pass, J. H. Booth of Roseburg, John L. Kelly of Colburg and George H. Kelly of Saglew.

COUNTY COURT CASE.—S. J. Brund has instituted suit against John A. Mason as administrator of the estate of Alfred Mason, deceased, and John A. Mason. Judgment is asked for \$75.00.

ANOTHER RAISE.—Flour was raised by the mill companies today 50 cents per barrel. This makes flour retail at 95 cents per 50 pound sack.

FORGOT THE LAW.—B. F. Amis paid \$4 into the city treasury today for "punishing" the bicycle ordinance.

San Domingo Revolutionists are Winning.

Cape Haytian, Aug 25.—Severe fighting took place yesterday and Wednesday in the neighborhood of Mone Christi, San Domingo, between the government forces and revolutionists.

One of the editors said: "About 7 o'clock p.m. we reached the town of Roseburg, which was the only place in the whole state of Oregon that failed to respond to the invitation of the Portland committee to assist in the entertainment of the state's guests."

Albany Democrat: A Eugene editor has taken a big contract in starting to purify the social atmosphere in that city. If he is successful we have a good sized contract for him at Albany.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE YOUNG WOMAN CONSTABLE WHO PATROLS ALLEGHANY.

For Clubwomen to Ponder—Seven Sisters' Hotel—Why Woman Should Support Herself—Women of Kipling's Stories.

The woman constable has risen in her official might at Alleghany and declares that she is as good a policeman as any bluecoated guardian of the peace who ever swung a club.

Miss Klotz's attitude marks the discipline of advanced womanhood, although she does not wear bloomers and is not partial to cold tea parties.

"I have never been able to see why a woman should not help herself. Bible students know that the Lord will help those who help themselves, and what better authority can anybody need than



MISS FLORENCE KLOTZ.

that. Formerly I was on the road for my father as a drummer for his candy business. I started in that line when I was 15 years old, and acquired experience and some knowledge of human nature.

"I know it would benefit the community at large and that it would be better generally to have women as constables, as they would attend to their duties and nothing more, while many of the men have their minds on other things.

"I believe there is a field for women in the constable line as well as for men, judging from my observations in this neighborhood. I do not mean to say all the men who are made constables are bad, but they are sorely tempted to tread the path that leads to that condition in the course of their duties.

"It seems to me that the time is ripe in this country for women to enfranchise themselves. It is no concern of the public whether the constable is a man or a woman so long as the work is done properly. Of course women are not Samsons, and if actual force is required, which happens very seldom, the constable has a legal right to summon any one within halting distance to give aid. A woman can get along as constable, for aren't the men always ready to fight for the women, and if they battled for a woman and for law and order, too, what a splendid cause they would have championed! I maintain, though, that a man is more amenable to the influences of the weaker creature who cannot fight than to the force of muscle.

"As a matter of fact, my father would not let me undertake anything in which there is a possibility of danger. I don't think there is any reason at all why I should not hold my position.

So far as is known, Miss Klotz is the only woman in the United States or any other place who has been appointed a constable. There have been several applications from women to become members of the police forces of various cities, but none of these has met with success with the exception of that of Miss Klotz. Thus the good citizens of Alleghany are proud of their only woman constable.—New York Press.

For Clubwomen to Ponder. An irate man returned from a stereopticon lecture lately with a loosed and raging tongue. Usually he was a calm and reticent person, but he had sat during the whole evening behind a large hat and he was righteously "mad." "And then," he went on, with increasing ebullience, "there was a dead bird on her hat, and an egret besides. What is the use of your vaunted women's clubs?" he called. "You talk about the civilizing effect they have on the women—how they inform and broaden the mind, and all that. I grant the hats are broadened. That's the chief effect of them."

Lecturers and writers and even legislators are constantly reiterating the truth that our song birds and plumage birds are being exterminated, and that insects are destroying the crops in consequence, but not a bird less do we see on the women's hats.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller brings tears to the eyes of her audience whenever she tells the story of the egret, yet most of the well bred and cultured women still wear egretts.

This matter of the wearing of hats on their hats seems to be an especially hard one for our women to comprehend. One gentle, charming lady met a friend on the street one day not long ago and said: "I'm in an awful hurry. I am on my way to A's. They are selling humming birds there for \$1 a pair—perfectly lovely—and I'm afraid they'll be gone. There's a terrible rush for them."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to have a pair of dead humming birds on your bonnet?" stammered her shocked friend.

"Certainly. It will be just as becoming and as stylish as it can be. Don't look so. If I don't get them, somebody else will. They are dead anyhow, and I might as well wear them as anybody."

With this ridiculous bit of logic she passed on. The next time her friend saw her she had a pair of pathetic little humming birds just above her bright, merciless eyes.—Kate Upson Clark in Woman's Home Companion.

Seven Sisters' Hotel.

They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe road, and it is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago a woman in that place and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. The family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorcees, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment upon the co-operative plan. They would not employ a man about the place, although the most of their patrons were men, of course. People say that women travelers preferred to stop elsewhere, and that would be a woman's way. One of the "seven sanctified sisters" used to drive a big carryall down to the railway station three or four times a day to meet trains, but she let the regular transfer company handle the baggage.

The hotel prospered from the beginning, and there was no reason why it should not, for everything was neat and homelike and the cooking was the best in Texas. Every Sunday it was crowded. The drummers used to swarm there from all the northern central parts of the state, and every passenger on the Santa Fe trains was an advertising agent. The "sanctified sisters" made money, as they deserved to do. They enlarged their establishment and started a big laundry in connection with it, where the drummers left their soiled clothes to be done up while they were out during the week. Then the "sisters" bought a hotel at Waco and started a laundry there with equal success, and now they are talking of starting one in New York.—Chicago Record.

Why Woman Should Support Herself.

"I have been man of the house for 20 years," asserted one Mary Prendergast in court a couple of days ago. She evidently meant that during this time she had supported or assisted in supporting the household to which she belongs. And why not? I see no reason why she shouldn't.

I think every girl should be trained to be self supporting. As she has a brain and two hands, why should any man support her?

It is to me a pitiful sight to see a thin, nervous, anxious little man working from morning till night to support half a dozen alcoholized women decked out in satins and laces and flowers. They are abundantly able to support themselves.

I advocate the full equality of man and woman as much for the relief of man as woman herself. She will be the partner when we are made his equal. The right of suffrage will also be as great a blessing to us as it is to him.

It is 50 years since I first went before the legislature of New York to plead for the married woman's property bill. At that time a married woman could neither earn nor own anything in her own right. Everything she possessed belonged to her husband. If she had a cork leg, it was his. If she had a wig, it was his. If she had a set of false teeth, they were his.

There was at that time a case in which a dentist sued a married woman for her false teeth. The case was dismissed because it was decided the woman did not own her teeth.

And this in face of the first chapter of Genesis, which makes man and woman a simultaneous creation and gives the woman an equal title deed to this green earth and all that is thereon, and which gives her full equality in every position in life. Therefore, to come back to the first proposition, I say men and women are equally bound to support themselves.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Women of Kipling's Stories.

Rudyard Kipling's technicalities are not to be assailed, whether he writes of an bronzed man-of-war or of the locomotive in an American switchyard. He is unrivaled in the jungle lore. His men are vigorous, existing personalities one might meet any day if one were fortunate. His children are accurate drawings from life. With all his kaleidoscopic aptitude he seems to have touched upon only one subject of which he had not a thorough understanding. It is only in tell-

BLUE RIVER

Patient Prospector Rewarded by a Large Find.

HIS NAME IS S. J. WHITE.

BLUE RIVER, Or., Aug. 22.—In these days of new discoveries of gold, I could like to call attention to a spot away up in the Cascade range, about 50 miles due east of Eugene. It is the Blue River mining district, and is just now showing good results from actual work. A new wagon road has been completed to the Lucky Boy mine 5 1/2 miles from the Blue River bridge, and a 10-stamp mill is being headed in. A foundation is being graded for the mill, and the outlook is favorable for the crushing of gold ore to soon begin.

About three-quarters of a mile from the summit of Gold Hill, on the east slope of the mountain side, in the thick brush and heavy fir timber, is a minor claim known formerly as the Bald Eagle. It was located 12 or 14 years ago. This claim is only about a quarter of a mile due west of the Lucky Boy, and while it was known to carry gold no one thought worth of it to do much development work upon it, and it was abandoned several times by different parties. A young man from Eastern Oregon, named S. J. White, came here in the fall of 1895 and bought the claim, then known as the Sunset for the sum of \$1. Many people thought that, as this young man had never had experience in quartz mining, he would soon throw up the claim as all had done before him, but the young man kept at work and ran a tunnel into the hill some 50 feet. Now, this required lots of work for a lone man away up on that big mountain side. Gaining experience from his work, he found that he was following a spur instead of the main ledge. He went prospecting a few days ago some 200 feet northwest and 150 feet above the tunnel on some good cropping, and has a cut 15 or 20 feet one and 14 feet deep. He cut nearly squarely across the ledge of white, yellow, and brown-colored quartz that is so solid in places that he has to blast all the time. So far he has only the foot wall in sight, but he has now 10 feet of solid quartz, with no hanging wall in sight, and no knowing how wide the ledge is.

Many pieces of rock show bright, glistening gold to the naked eye, and already hundreds of fine specimens have been carried off by the visitors. Several small vials of gold have been panned out. The gold is of very high grade, as is all found in the camp. A certificate of assay from a reliable assayer in Portland gave the big sum of \$90.77 in gold, by mill test. This was from rock taken clear across the ledge as far as found, some 10 feet wide. If anything better is found in this state the writer would be pleased to hear of it. He has lived on this coast nearly 40 years, and has prospected and mined nearly all over the Northwest, including one winter on the Alaskan coast. He can truthfully say that the indications for a big mining camp here seem very flattering, as gold can be found in dozens of places, and we have the necessary wood and water, and are close to cheap food supply.

I saw a quarter of a pound of ore ground up here last week in a hand mortar, and panned out, and I saw as the result, gold to the amount of a little over \$1.25. The ledge runs the same as the others in this camp, nearly north and south, a little west of north and east of south, in a big porphyry belt, and is nearly perpendicular. It is favorably located for working, as great depth can be attained by tunneling, thus saving all panning and hoisting. This claim could have been bought for a few hundred dollars a few weeks ago. Now a little cut a few feet deep has uncovered a mine worth, perhaps, \$1,000,000.

GEORGE A. DYSON.

A FINE EXHIBIT.

Daily Guard, Aug. 26. H. E. Ankney Displays Sterling Mine Nuggets at First National Bank.

A miner's pan, containing gold nuggets to the value of \$6,000, in the corner window of the First National bank, has attracted large crowds today. The display was brought in this morning by H. E. Ankney, being part of the clean up made at the Sterling mine, Jackson county.

It is seldom we have an opportunity to see such a pile of gold in its virgin form. The Sterling mine, (placer) is one of the richest mines on the coast and is yielding handsome returns to its owners.

The ship Maeduff, loaded with 4,000,000 grain sacks and 125,000 yards of burlap cloth arrived in Astoria last evening. This will probably reduce the price of wheat sacks and hop burlap.

A Good Trick.

The parrot's determination to speak his set phrases under all sorts of circumstances often produces strange effects. The story is told of a slight of hand performer who kept a parrot that he had trained to say, whenever one of his master's tricks had been labeled: "That's a good trick! What's next one?"

One day the juggler, being in a support town, gave his performance in a loft on one of the wharfs, which happened to be just over the place where a large quantity of powder was stored in kegs. The juggler was about to perform some feat which required the lighting of a candle. He lighted it and threw the match away without making any that the blaze had gone out. The match, still burning, fell through a crack in the floor, and dropped into one of the kegs of powder, which exploded with great force, throwing the building into the air.

The parrot, who was blown up with the rest, did not stop until it reached the pinnacle of the topmast of a ship which lay off the wharf. There it clung desperately, and looking down at the world below he called out in a shrill voice:

"That's a good trick! What's the next one?"—San Francisco Examiner.

Clearly Proved.

Mrs. Bolivar heaved a deep sigh. "Before we were married," she said, "you promised me that my slightest wish would be your law."

"Did I?" said Mr. Bolivar, in a tone of surprise.

"You said," continued Mrs. Bolivar, "that you would give up the chess not play poker any more."

"Did I, really?"

"You swore that you would give me whatever I wanted and that I might go to the seashore every summer and stay as long as I liked."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. And you said that you would never take another drink and never flit the least little bit, and now you do all these things and have not kept a single promise. It proves conclusively to me that you never loved me."

"I beg to differ from you there, my dear," said Mr. Bolivar oratorically. "Your promise is all wrong. Your reasoning is woefully at fault. Your statements prove conclusively that I did love you. In fact, I must have adored you madly if I told such whopping lies to get you."

And with this vindication Mr. Bolivar considered the argument at an end.—Kansas City Independent.

Tired Eyes.

A correspondent of Popular Science News tells of a party of Alpine climbers who, having spent five hours among the snows of the mountains, returned to their homes after dark. A great change had to all appearance taken place since the night before. Instead of being illuminated in the usual way the place was supplied with green lights.

It took the travelers a little time to realize that they were suffering from Daltonism, or color blindness, superinduced by eye fatigue. The intense light caused by the sun shining upon the snow had for the time rendered them unable to judge of colors and given rise to their curious mistake. Three hours elapsed before the eyes regained their normal condition.

Chevreul explains that the eye cannot gaze long upon a given color without tending to become insensible to it. When the eye looks long upon a color, it should be rested by the complementary color. Thus an eye that has grown tired with green should be rested by red, which is green's complementary color.

A Jointed Snake.

Mr. George D. Pemberton of Spottsylvania, Va., reports the following: "While walking around my farm I came across a copper colored snake about 2 1/2 feet long. I struck the reptile a blow on the head with a stick, and, to my surprise, the snake fell apart in four pieces. Near by was a hole, and into this the head went, and, although I worked for half an hour trying to get it, I failed. I then examined the body, which was as hard as if had been frozen, and, as far as I could discover, it was entirely lifeless. Thinking it was a jointed snake, I left the pieces of the body on the ground and went to the house. Shortly afterward I returned, but the portion of the body that I had left disappeared and no trace of it could be found."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dear Child.

"What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy who was sliding around a room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it. He wants him to think he's out."

Marriage Is a Serious Thing.

An Atchison mother's boy married recently, and his wife made him shave off his mustache before she would make him any soup, of which he was very fond. When he lived at home, he got his whiskers in the soup every day, and his mother took it as a compliment to her cooking.—Atchison Globe.

The Method.

"Here's a case of a man who went to law in order to get the girl he loved away from her parents."

"Took out a writ of attachment, I suppose."—Chicago Post.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding the production of a quantity of raw ivory, the selling price of which is \$4,200,000.

As early as the year 47 B. C. the great Alexandrian library contained over 400,000 valuable books.